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Original Poetry.

THE EVENING STAR.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST, BY SAMUEL D. PATTERSON.

Mr. Carrington meddled so,[1] he must give matters up; and his bitter invectives against society at large, and his neighbors in particular.

Poor Kate! the shade that, lately, hung heavy on the world's heart remained and took her at rest.

How softly and fair, from its palace of air,
Far away on the lofty sky,
Shine the mild, gentle beams of the Evening Star,
In their radiant purity.

They fall on the late busy earth beneath,
With a soothing and joyful power,
And a balm so precious as the stillness of death,
Prevails in that sanctified hour.

'Tis then that the wand'rer on life's dreary waste,
The victim of sorrow and care,
Finds his spirit relieved from the gloom that oppress'd,
And a bright vision entering there.

The quiet of nature is cast o'er his soul,
And to him the promise is given,
That refreshed from anguish and grief's dark control,
He shall rest, like that star, in the Heaven.

Prize Story.

MANNER AND MERIT;
OR,
A Woman's Choice.

CONCLUDED.

FOR WHICH THE PRIZE OF ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS WAS AWARDED BY THE COMMITTEE.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST, BY "P." AUTHOR OF "THE MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE," ETC.

CHAPTER III.

"A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort and command:
And yet, a spirit still and bright,
With something of an angel light."—*Wordsworth*

And how did our heroine herself meet the shock of these changes? With a sad and heavy heart, it is true, for she could not look upon her father's altered mien and listen to his harsh, ungrateful, nay relinquish even for herself the pleasures and embellishments of Life without a sigh, but at the same time with the calm resolution and unfaltering spirit with which a noble mind rises to encounter unlooked-for changes.

All now lay developed upon her, for the little mind which it had pleased Heaven to bestow upon her husband, seemed prostrated by his reverses as he looked to the future with helpless and hopeless stupidity, or sunk into more than womanish weakness at the present before them. In former days, when Kate had wished to make herself somewhat acquainted with the situation of their affairs, she was quietly and somewhat contemptuously told that "women did not understand business." Heaven help the manly superiority of the husband while Kate the wife struggled in private to master the state of his fortune. We do not say that woman's interference can ward off failure and misfortune; but that her prudence would quickly take the alarm, and avoid responsibilities, shield off much of debt and mere bitterness, if not finally remedy much of the (grammar phrase) the cobler gender, we are very sure. Be that as it may, in this case the husband had hid it heavily from the wife, and refused to consult, and unpleasant to his pride to confess, to his wife the situation to which he had been reduced, now turned to her as to his only hope of relapse. In the many long and anxious consultations between Mrs. Carrington and her husband, Tom Langdon, (at which the husband only assisted by his objections) the plans which Kate proposed were earnest and energetic. An disposal of household and furniture and jewels was a matter of course; but every proposal of useful and active exertion on the part of the husband met with the calm yet peremptory interdiction. "Any thing but that," and "*That* I'll never consent to," were repeated again and again, until poor Kate was driven to despair in finding that she must discover some plan of privation and exertion that suited both his talents and circumstances, and Tom Langdon cursed him in his heart for a selfish fool, and was only prevented by his love and admiration and deep sympathy in his sister from expressing his disgust and indignation in terms which even he might have comprehended.

Thanks, however, to the active and decided measures of Langdon, affairs turned out better than was at first expected. Her friends and all their once coole fortune a small farm on the North River was secured to the Carringtons. And to this retreat, as soon as it was furnished with gratuitous by Kate and approbation by her husband. To leave the city at once suited well with the irritated and mortified state of his feelings, and a residence on the North River presented no idea of privation to his mind, and The husband even for the comforts of hearing him speak of them "Place" (which was only a cot on a farm) with a pompous remembering grandeur that could be a subsistence. If Carrington could get that."

"But have you any influence, Tom? For you, you know, are our only friend"—enquired his sister.

"No!" he replied, "I am not with the administration, and of course am not known to sense than none. But, Kate, you have a friend who is able to serve you,—and would, I doubt, if you are willing to ask him."

He hesitated as he replied to Mrs. Carrington's eager "who?"

"Elwell!"

"Elwell!" repeated she in astonishment. "Has *he* influence."

"More than any man I know in the State. His talents and upright integrity have not only placed him at the head of his profession, but given him such weight in the councils of the party with whom he has associated himself, that there is scarce anything he could ask that they would refuse him. I learned, however, that you would not like to ask, and that Carrington"—

"This is not a time for such weakness," returned his sister, firmly. "If you can speak a word about it, and I believe that little as we either deserve as Elwell's hands, that if he can be induced he will."

Fifteen years and more had now elapsed since Kate Langdon first knew Louis Elwell in the pride and brilliancy of youthful success. Some years had passed, and he met her again in her more thoughtful loveliness and matured elegance as the wealthy and courted Mrs. Carrington, and time and changes row once more brought them in contact. But who would have recognized the indifferent and unmoved haughty girl or more softened and maternly beauty in the faded and heart broken being, that now wrapped in a large and shabby shawl wended her way to Louis Elwell's handsome house. As she threaded the few streets between her brother's residence and his, her mind travelled back to those early halcyon days, and the long and weary interval with the melancholy present, which found her a suppliant to that fashionable, who possessed castles amongst the hills, lodges in the forest and villas by the sea shore. I was his only daughter, and he had no sons. He was a proud and haughty nobleman, but my mother was an angel of love and gentle virtues. A clanship child was she between Adela. And beautiful! yes, daughters, I was beautiful. Look on me now, and well-fed, well-cared, pampered form teach your young hearts humility. It was said that I, the Lady Adela, was a peerless beauty. That golden hair, that tender waist, and fairy foot: eyes like an April sky, and hair of a rich brown, to every curl of which the sun gave his own brilliance; form of snow, and cheek of carnation; teeth that dazzled, and voice of music; neck of alabaster, and hand like a drooping lily: these were counted among my attractions: and the young and gallant noblemen who bowed at my feet were almost numberless. I say this without vanity, to teach you wisdom—that you may learn not to prize too highly charms that will fade as mine have faded.

I might have been a countess in the court of England's king, but my soul was higher than my station: I could not barter my hand for coronet or princely honors. I loved, and the members of that house are yet warm in my bosom, though exiled I gave a proud answer to my father's offer of wealth. He whom I loved was rich and noble but his wealth was of the immortal intellect, and the patent of nobility was written on his brow by the finger of God. He was the playmate of my infancy, the guardian of my childhood, the ardently beloved of my after life. He was the son of my father's steward, whose wife was my foster mother. Gladwyn was three years old when I was born, and on her mother's bosom, and sobbed as if her little heart was breaking.

"Do not cry so, Alva," said the mother, her own eyes dim with tears. "Eleanor has pressed, and she must go with Henry Marshall. She will be his wife, Alva, and he will be your brother; and they will visit us often, and we shall visit them."

"Oh, yes," cried Grace, "and do you know, Anna, we are to have a splendid wedding, and you shall have a bridal gift, and we shall have all the fine ladies and gentlemen here, and you shall dance a minuet with William Morris, who behaves so like a grown gentleman."

And you shall spend whole months with me at my elegant country seat," said the bride elect, "and then you shall hunt flowers in the green fields for me, and nobody shall grieve you."

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Original Ballad.

Gaily ranging.

THE MANIAC'S TALE.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST, BY THOM. M. COOLEY

I heard them both, and dearly loved,—
The deeply toned thrilling bell,
And its cast sister ringy off
My heart was very little
But blue-eyed Jane was far away,
And Mary with me all the day.
We oft went down the white moss dear and lair,
While even on my dreams at night,
Jane's image came upon my sight,
And Mary's was not there.

On evening in the month of June,
When nature's self was in tune,
Near when adown a precipice
Two streamlets rising, united,
And where the night-hawk shrieking sat,
And where the owl's reptying flute
Came lonesome-notes to the night
That evening, leaning on my seat,
Wished Mary, sweet Mary, was there,
Beneath the moon's soft light

We stood upon the fearful brink
From which the streamlets burst,
And far beneath us spray-washed rocks,
As lifted, seemed to laugh
And Mary's tiny, weave-heard voice,
That would have made the heart rejoice
If I were so loved here before
To see her smile again

But old time her assiduously
My lips my heart did hide
And still she dreamed I loved her more
Than all the world beside
But when she turned her eyes on me,
And spoke, that I loved her,
Mark Henry, how those streamlets two
Leap down into the deep,
And there the lonely moonlit grove
Go singing gaily through.

Thus blended will my life flow on
When consummate end here,
The earth will smile around us then,
And heaven will smile there.
When this in whirling hours she spake,
I knew it was my heart she broke,
And what was alone I do not know,
Or only heard one gushing cry
One shriek of speechless agony,
Among the rocks below

That moment made me sensible
That beings else were near,
For fiendish laughs and fiendish taunts
In an echoey sort my ear,
And haggard demons filled my eye,
And others filled my soul,
Or talked of here in vacant blood,
And still to them I gave no heed,
For hearken, I knew, was not the deed—
It would have stopped my heart

The morning found me sitting drunk
On the o'erhanging knoll,
The earth was everything under me,
And yet I did not shrink
Soon human voices waking loud
I knew—no—no—for laughs did ne'er
And feeling something like tenderness
Arm near and warm, and eyes
A sense of maligned flesh and gore—
They said 'twas Mary's corse

They cried, but none it was not so,
For even in the night
Her tongue, sadly bounded,
Comes up before my sight.
And then she would speak and she so smile
If I had dared for dread of guile!
And then she spake, soft, sweet, and low
Oh, God! if heaven were on that knee,
If Mary would but cover me now,
I should not feel it so!

Original Tales.

REMINISCENCES OF
An Ensign Nye.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST, BY MRS. LYDIA JANE PEARSON.

"Do not doubt, dear mother, I am sure I shall be perfectly happy with Henry."

"Perfectly happy, and away from me!" murmured the mother, while her heart fell a pang of which the young affianced had no dream.

"I know that you will be happy," sighed a fair young sister, "but I shall be so lonely."

"We shall all be lonely when Eleanor is gone!" cried a sweet childish voice.

"Oh, no!" cried Eleanor. "I have been away for months, and you said you enjoyed yourself much in my absence, sister Grace."

"Ah! but *I* never said so," said little Anna, and the tears gathered in her soft blue eyes, "I did miss you, sweet sister, and all day long: and when I found a sweet strange flower, I had no one to carry it to, to ask its name; and if I got a present I had none to rejoice over it with me; and if I was ill, or grieved, oh! then I did miss sister. Eleanor most, for mother always looks as if she is not quite happy when Eleanor is away. Why will you go away with Mr. Marshall, dear sister! He does not love you as we do, and I know that you love mother better than you can love him. I will never leave mother, never. No man shall have my heart for years and years, and when I do bestow it, and sobbed as if her little heart was breaking.

"Do not cry so, Alva," said the mother, her own eyes dim with tears. "Eleanor has pressed, and she must go with Henry Marshall. She will be his wife, Anna, and he will be your brother; and they will visit us often, and we shall visit them."

"Oh, yes," cried Grace, "and do you know, Anna, we are to have a splendid wedding, and you shall have a bridal gift, and we shall have all the fine ladies and gentlemen here, and you shall dance a minuet with William Morris, who behaves so like a grown gentleman."

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GRANDMOTHER'S STORY.

My first recollections are of the hills and dales, cosslet and cottages, trees and flowers of Merrie England. My father was a proud baron, who possessed castles amongst the hills, lodges in the forest and villas by the sea shore. I was his only daughter, and he had no sons. He was a proud and haughty nobleman, but my mother was an angel of love and gentle virtues. A clanship child was she between Adela. And beautiful! yes, daughters, I was beautiful. Look on me now, and well-fed, well-cared, pampered form teach your young hearts humility. It was said that I, the Lady Adela, was a peerless beauty. That golden hair, that tender waist, and fairy foot: eyes like an April sky, and hair of a rich brown, to every curl of which the sun gave his own brilliance; form of snow, and cheek of carnation; teeth that dazzled, and voice of music; neck of alabaster, and hand like a drooping lily: these were counted among my attractions: and the young and gallant noblemen who bowed at my feet were almost numberless. I say this without vanity, to teach you wisdom—that you may learn not to prize too highly charms that will fade as mine have faded.

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"Oh, yes," cried Grace, "and do you know, Anna, we are to have a splendid wedding, and you shall have a bridal gift, and we shall have all the fine ladies and gentlemen here, and you shall dance a minuet with William Morris, who behaves so like a grown gentleman."

"And you shall spend whole months with me at my elegant country seat," said the bride elect, "and then you shall hunt flowers in the green fields for me, and nobody shall grieve you."

Such was the chat of Mrs. Mellvin and her daughters, as they sat in the fashionable parlor of their elegant mansion in the city of Hartford. Mrs. Mellvin was an excellent woman, and did sincerely rejoice in the happy prospects of her daughter Eleanor, who was a beautiful and high-souled girl, of ardent and romantic temperament. Grace, the second daughter, was a lively, light-hearted creature, and little Anna, a child of ten years, had more true, deep tenderness of character than both her sisters, and while they busied themselves in discussing the minutiæ of bridal dresses, ornaments, and arrangements she kept aloof from the gay circle which her mother had risen to attend to some household duties.

There was another person in the room beside Mrs. Mellvin and her daughters: a lady to whom lay the shadow and burden of ninety years. She could see, and hear, and converse, but the pressure of the one, or discern the face of child or grandchild through the blackness of the other. The hearts that beat around her seemed no longer to have sympathy in common with her: she was carefully attended, all her wishes gratified: daily she placed in her arm-chair, breathed the pure air, and the family duly and ceremoniously enquired after her health: but she felt painfully that the sweet tie of sympathy no longer bound any living heart to hers; that she had nothing in common with the world that moved around her, on the beauty and grandeur of which she could only turn dim and heavy-lidded eyes; and she had long since resigned it with its glitter, its noise, its melody and its hues, eyes, its purest holiest affections had she resigned; not in the pride of a cold philosophy, but in the meek humility of a Christian woman; and her emotion seemed more to be in the holy paradise of her God, to which she was patiently waiting her master's summons. Her feeble voice was seldom heard blending in the family conversations, and her opinion or advice had ceased entirely to be sought after; she was an "Old Woman," ready for the grave, from which none wished to detain her, for they felt that she was a lumber, the oil of which was exhausted, and its flickering light of no further use, and soon to be inevitably extinguished. They who succeeded her imagined that she could not felt an interest in the business and affections of life, yet as the young ladies chatted of hope, of present joy and future happiness, such aged sigh escaped from her bosom, and she turned her withered face and sightless eyes toward them, with anxious and earnest expression.

Her sight attracted their attention, and Eleanor at length remarked,

"I fancy grandmother is thinking of her own bridals. Do you remember your wedding day, grandma?"

"Yes, child, I remember as if it were yesterday, and I remember many other days of my and sorrow; and many changing scenes: such as I pray may never come your path of life."

"Oh, grandmother," cried Grace, "do tell us the story of your life." Eleanor seconded the request, and little Anna crept close to the old lady, whom she alone seemed to love, and her gentle voice prevailed.

"Yes, Anna," she said, "I will tell you something of my history, for I have been thinking of it all ever since I sat here to-day. It seems to me no longer ago than yesterday that I was a glad-hearted child like you, Anna, and gathered sweet blossoms[2] for the—and ripe berries on the hill, and beautiful shells by the wide sea. Oh, how I loved to stand alone by the ocean, and muse on the sensitivate which it bears to God, in its mysterious power, and living principle, and its never-ceasing sound and motion. Indeed, children, one cannot rightly contemplate the roaring abyss of waters. It is well for me that I treasured up so much of the grand and beautiful, for now I live on the treasures of memory alone. All around me are in me alike the chill darkness of a winter's midnight. The present is a blank, but the past is radiant of sunlight. It is my solace, that I rested in my mother's fond embrace, and cherished with my beautiful young companions. Have you ever seen a fine, clear, transparent stone, Anna, that the sunshine of so many destitutes crowd the vista of memory, that I find it difficult to trace my path amongst them. It is as sacred ground, that my mother brought them in contact. But who would have recognized the indifferent and unmoved haughty girl or more softened and maternly beauty in the faded and heart broken being, that now wrapped in a large and shabby shawl wended her way to Louis Elwell's handsome house. As she threaded the few streets between her brother's residence and his, her mind travelled back to those early halcyon days, and the long and weary interval with the melancholy present, which found her a suppliant to that fashionable,

I awoke lying on a couch of hemlock boughs, beneath a drooping beech at the foot of a high rocky ledge. The sunbeams rested softly on the sweet dewy flowers that drooped from crevice and ravine, and it seemed as if all the birds of heaven, with variegated plume, each a flood of melody filled the valley. I looked and listened, wondered, and pondered, but soon dim memories gathered in the darkness, and came weeping by, displacing all the flowers of the previous day, in their most distinct detail. "But how came I here?" "Father?" I cried, and the smoking embers answered "Pallice!" I started up, but a dizziness came over me, and I sank down insensible.

With returning consciousness, I felt a soft hand chafing my temples, and murmured instinctively, "dear mother."

"Daughter," replied a gentle voice, but it was not my mother's. I looked up, an Indian woman was kneeling beside me, the long locks disheveled over her dark bosom all gemmed with the tears that were wailing from her mid-night eyes.

"Poor girl," she said, and turned away.

"Oh stay," I cried, "and tell me where is my father."

"I do not know," she said. "The warriors brought you to me. I saw no white man."

A thousand hideous doubts darkened my mind, I could not weep, my head throbbed, my pulses were wild. I sprang to my limbs, and now discovered that I was badly wounded. A tremulous faintness came over me, and I sank resignedly, and the thought gave me relief that I was in the hands of a woman. I became conscious of pain, and I found my arm in my wounded side. I laid my hand on it and groaned deeply.

"It is not very bad," said my attendant approaching with a cup filled with a dark liquid "I was very thirsty and took it eagerly, but it was a bitter draught, and I trembled as I set it down hastily.

"Must drink it?" said the squaw, "it will cure?" I swallowed it, with difficulty, and yet I cared not to recover.

She then dressed my wound with a poultice of bruised herbs: see, (said the interesting lady boson,) here is the scar still. It was a bloody wound. And yet on the fourth day a party of Indians arrived, who took me and my female companion away a long journey to the northward. In an Indian village, submitted to the customs of savage life, with the dreadful doubts concerning my father, and agony for my mother preying on my mind, you may judge of my feelings, of curiosity, and he is very like the unfortunate gentleman a no other than Mr. Godfrey Raymond. We know that he cannot be a spy, and yet unless, you devise some means to save him, he will die at eight to-morrow morning."

All my children, then fell upon my soul the fiercest thunderbolt of agony. Stunned, bewildered, agonized, I clung to mother and children, and could not save him! I will be his foot. But she detained me, and said, "If you would save Godfrey, speak not of him in my father."

"Oh, then what shall I do?" I cried, and sank trembling on my knees.

"I say not that you can do nothing, Adela, and after all it may not be Godfrey."

I led her to her chamber, told her I was ready to do or endure, but not be uneasy on my account, and kneeling by my bed, I asked her to bless me.

"The Almighty God of Old Almighty, Father Son and Holy Ghost, be upon you my daughter, and keep you in all your ways," she said, solemnly pressing my brow with her thin trembling hand.

In a few moments I went to the British camp attended by Julian, and my faithful Anna. We were stood in the presence of General Howe, to whom I made myself known, and related in few words so much of my history as had reference to Godfrey, praying that he was an opportunity and consolation. The old man's relationship told me that he would grant my suit, on account of the rank and loyalty of my house, saying of the words that he had said no more, I suffer you and the young man to meet until your father is apprised of the affair."

"Oh, sir," I said, "I trust I could, only give you promiser liberty, immediate release." And I would not rest until I saw Godfrey on a fleet horse, far far beyond the reach of my father.

But I was detained until my father should arrive. He came, was made acquainted with the fact, and refused to see me. I was told that his rage was terrible, yet he restrained it before the officers, and led me away. Commanding Julian and Anna to precede us, he rode on upon my horse, and led the way at a slow pace. As we wended along a forest bridle path, he fell to my side, and said,

"Adela," he said, "you have ruined yourself, and disgraced your father, you know how I love you, and that my every wish was to see you happy. You shall never see young Raymond again. He has escaped, but not for you. I have sent him where he cannot find you, nor wrongly project to free him, nor threatens. I am still guardian for such a child. I am now your father's wife. Well, my daughter, it may well be safe, and your home better cared for."

"Don't take me from my mother," I cried. "Father! you will break her heart!"

"I apprehend little danger," he said, sneeringly. "If she could consent to your leading a vagabond life with me, I cannot see why she hardly break her heart when you are safe and well provided for."

"Father," I cried, "I was not going away with Godfrey! I have not seen him till to-day, and he has not seen me at all. I only knew that he was imprisoned, and that you were going directly home. Surely you cannot believe that I would stoop to a clandestine marriage."

"After what you have done, I believe you capable of any depth of infamy, even falsehood, for the sake of a lover."

I felt my proud spirit rising, even against my father, who could speak thus to me. I felt that I would break his heart with my unmerited reproach. Where, at length, I raised my head the shadows of evening were gathering dark around me, and I could break from my constrained weeping

United States SATURDAY POST.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, &c.

$2 per annum—$1 if paid in advance; $1.25 is advanced for six months.

Persons may be requested to fixed their letters addressed to us. The word "free" of itself is not a frank.

Agents will please remember that we pay no commissions or bonds.

Other letters will not be taken from the Post Office unless the postage is paid.

Subscriptions may begin only at the end of the current half year's subscription, and this only at the option of the publisher if arrearages are due.

Small Bank Notes of solvent Banks received in payment for our bills.

Agents are earnestly solicited to make quick remittances, without which it is difficult to keep accounts correct. They would always oblige us sooner and better paid for.

Remarks must always state the Post Office received from, as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

LIST OF AGENTS.

☞ The following Agents will still act for the Saturday Post, under the publishers' arrangement.

☞ THAT EXCELLENT INSTITUTION, Girard's Magazine, United States Saturday Post, and the Ladies' National Magazine.

☞ We have no travelling agent by the name of Wilmer.

Mr. C. W. JARDS, of Missouri, Chesterfield County, Va., for Missouri, Illinois and Michigan, terms, &c. by the Editors of the *Sun, Star, Courier, Enquirer, &c. of Bloomingburg, N. Y. Times and N. Y. Journal.*

SAMUEL W. STEVENSON, Agent for Pennsylvania, *Saturday Evening Post & Saturday Chronicle.*

JOHN WHITEHEAD, Agent for Missouri, Illinois, Indiana and parts of Wisconsin and Iowa.

HENRY M. LEWIS is collecting for us in Alabama and Tennessee.

ISRAEL E. JAMIES is Agent for us in the South and Southwest, for Louisiana, Texas, &c. *James's Journal, Memphis, Williams & Wild, G. D. P. Stem, and Henry Clay, Natchez.*

THOMAS STEVENS is our Agent for Ohio.

THOMAS PIERCE is Agent for us in Pennsylvania.

JAMES PIERCE is our Travelling Agent in New Jersey.

W. H. and W. M. WHEELER, for Arkansas.

JAS. F. HUNTON is collecting for us in Missouri, Illinois, and parts of Wisconsin and Iowa.

ALEXANDER DALLAS, of Nashville, Tenn. is duly authorized to obtain new subscribers to Godey's Magazine, Saturday Evening Post, Saturday Post, &c. &c. Mr. Dallas' regular agency has also been laid in his state in Nashville.

Notices of New Works.

PORTRAIT OF WASHINGTON.—The publishers of the Anglo American have issued something as a companion to their paper well worth having. It is a full length of Washington, engraved after Stuart, by Halpin, and is not only as engraving as every American should possess, who would have the children grow up with a proper estimate of his age. No statesman or warrior ever possessed a form and face better fitted to command respect than George Washington. The worst caricature of him that ever swung upon a tavern sign is not without traces which could not be mistaken for any other countenance. The picture is in pamphlet; but such a picture as this under or low the art, pamphlet or no, is not to be mistaken for the original. The is a good place to say of the Anglo American that it is one of the most popular and generally conducted papers in the country; and it gives us pleasure to hear of its prosperity.

THE IMPROVED CHURCH PRAYER—At the agency of Church literature, is received the concluding numbers of Hewett's beautiful edition of the Book of Common Prayer We have before spoken many times of the plan of this work, and to express our approbation of it. We have only to add, at its close, that the promises held out in our commendation of the plan, have been redeemed. With the elegant embossed cover, prepared by the publishers, it will make one of the most illustrated works ever published in this country.

The Pictorial, we may remark of the Pictorial Agency at 98, that all the numbers are now in print, and may be duly received these, and promptly supplied to order. The Illustrated Bible of this work is the cheapest pictorial thing ever, in a book for all Christian families.

THE MONTHLY FAMILY, *By Mrs. Ellis. New York: Appleton.* Published in the usual style of this popular number of the little volumes of Appletons' "Tales for the People and Their Children." It is from the pen of Mrs. Ellis, Mr. E.'s best style, and including practical and social topics of interest to the domestic circle, and will be well calculated to do good to many ways. All feed a property in the "Monster's Family," but all do not understand in how many different ways it may be made to do good, and how benefit good, whose vocation it is to do good to all. The book will open many useful lessons, and give many useful hints.

GERMAN WITHOUT A MASTER. *Ruder & Co.*—This is the fourth or last number of this work, which we have received from the press of the Brother Jonathan Library. It is well, we think, calculated to be of service to students of the German tongue; and if it is as useful as the works in Italian, French and Spanish, which we have seen, we think it is well worth reading if not study. The 40th of the series is to be Latin Without a Master. Except a few of the Professors of the Latin Language, we fear Latin is very much without a master already.

THE BOSTON ATHENÆ.—Appleton has sent us the Boston Athenæum—a neat little pamphlet of some thirty-two duodecimo pages, containing, beside its calendar &c., a historical directory, and a list of the books contained in the library, amounting to gentlemen in other cities, who have become such Boston men. Those who are not, and who think they should make it a point to have this book. It is a map of the city as it now is, and a history of it through the past year.

DITTO'S *Ancient Geography*, *Ditto's Geography for Young Boys and Ditto's Geography for Girls*, *Ditto's Geography for Blind*, *Ditto Latin Reading & Elocution*.—These are entitled to the notice of the Pedant originally supposed to be said or sung by the Prince of Denmark in Shakspeare's play of "Much Ado Concerning Nothing." The book is very beautifully printed. Many of these Pedants are very charmingly rendered into verse.

IMMIGRANTS' HANDS. *Taylor & Co.*—The valuable magazine for foreigners, which has been published under the late lamented Lewis F. Linn, and filled with interesting literary and political matter, is now published in parts, who neglects this work ought to be read out, and a desperate fault. Each part contains a map of the higher tone and deeper thought which it starts into political discussion.

HOLIDAY BIBLE.—Of this work, noticed by us last week, we have also received a copy from Bedford. It is neatly with a republican simplicity, which is in good taste. The notice; and well state, we trust, for the wide circulation which has been given to questionable truth by the cheap publication recently in Rochester, New York, which is emphatically cheap, and as elegant as reasonable in price.

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On Tuesday, the 26th, the Jersey boys celebrated the anniversary of the Battle of Trenton, by a military celebration. The programme of the day was not of course, to close an imitation to the battle as could be made: and we find by the State Gazette, of the day subsequent that every thing passed off pleasantly. As retrolutionary matters are interesting to all our readers, and as their battle and its celebration is particularly interesting to very many of our subscribers, we borrow the Gazette's account:

"Early yesterday morning, in expectation of the proceedings of the day, crowds of people began to flock into the city, and at sunrise the fair light the town was full. The number of the spectators increased as the day advanced, and after the sham fight began, there were probably not less than from 3000 to the streets.

"About 8 o'clock the line was formed in front of the State House, according to order. The Trenton Light Guards, in front of the line, and the others which the several companies were marched to their respective places.

"At a quarter before nine, the piquet guard of the Mercer regiment stationed at the head of Warren street was driven in, and the party representing Gen. Washington's division, and that of the Hessians, crossing over the head of Warren into Greene street, whereupon the party representing the Hessians, (consisting of the the Nelson Guards and City Guards of Newark,) commenced a brisk attack upon the Americans. Firing soon began between them, and the Hessians were driven down to Mercer street, where they were joined by another party of prisoners, under the Trenton National Guards.

"About the same time that the piquet guard at the head of Warren street was driven in, the companies representing Gen. Sullivan's command, led by Gen. Hamilton, marched to the post guard in Second street, whereupon a party of Hessians were stationed in Green's new street, formed and marched up Second street to meet the advancing party. They were repulsed and retreated, keeping up a constant firing, until they were driven into Greene street. The body under Gen. Hamilton filed off by a back movement (according to the plan of the battle in order to cut off the retreat and escape of the Hessians) down Warren, and across the Assanpink, into Greene street, and the column of the Americans under his command with fixed bayonets, charged at quick step upon the retreating Hessians; the whole body of whom, having united at Hanover street, had by this time been driven by the Americans under Col. Dickinson, down Greene to Front street. Here coming to close quarters and hemmed in on both sides, after a gallant resistance with the bayonet, seeing escape hopeless, they laid down their arms, and Capt. McKay surrendered his sword to Col. Dickinson who dismounted to receive it.

"The column was then formed, the prisoners being placed in the centre, and marched with reversed arms, up Greene to Perry, down Perry to Warren and thence to the State House where the line was temporarily formed and the companies dismissed to their respective quarters.

"Here the proceedings ended, and the field closed. However it may appear on paper, it was certainly an interesting and animated spectacle. The rapid movements of the troops, the loud orders of the commanders—the constant firing and the inspiriting music of the four parties, the sounds of which made something of the din of battle when they drew near each other, the shouts of the crowd who manifested as much interest and excitement as the each with as much feeling, as if they thought it an actual engagement, and withal the great crowd itself hurrying along with the troops, all eager to see the fight at close quarters, made a most exciting show than we expected.

"While the troops were gone toward the State House, Capt. Cumming's Princeton Troop came into town in anticipation of their return to line order. They made a gallant appearance and managed their horses with skill and grace. After performing some evolutions and making a few short marches through the city, they were dismissed.

"The whole proceedings passed off most happily. Our military *musters* were agreeably surprised at the appearance and discipline of the troops on parade. Many more evolutions were performed with precision, while the troops were marching, all quick step, firing too correctly, and much excited by the parts they were acting. Even the ground floor of arms, in the surrender (movements in which awkwardness is reasonable in men who never expect to be conquered) were performed with promptness and skill. The marching of the troops was made in this city for a long time, which gave so much gratification to officers, soldiers and spectators in the evolution which was not marred by a single accident."

Congressional.

IN THE SENATE, Wednesday, Dec. 27, a resolution offered by Mr. Walker was adopted, calling on the Secretary of the Treasury to furnish information as to the number of collectors, localities, and purposes of expenditures by the several Governments, from the commencement of the Government down to the present time. The object of the mover is stated to be to show that the new states have not received more than their share of the public appropriations.

IN THE HOUSE, the following gentlemen were announced as having been appointed by the Speaker to serve on the House Committee, which has charge of the resolutions of the Legislature of Massachusetts, viz.: Mr. Adams, Chairman—Messrs. Rhet, J. R. Ingersoll, Gilmer, Dana, Darby, Barker, Dr. 29. Mr. Allen offered a resolution calling for the instructions given to Mr. Everett relative to the Oregon question. It lies over.

Mr. Atchison, on leave, introduced his bill for the organization of the Oregon Territory. It was read twice, and referred to the Select Committee which has charge of the subject.

IN THE HOUSE, notice was given of the following, among other bills: providing for the construction of a dry dock at Philadelphia: extending the pension act of 1828, so as to include the widows of revolutionary officers who were married after 1794.

A great number of petitions, asking a reduction of postage, were received and referred. A joint resolution from the Legislature of Alabama, on the same subject, was presented, and ordered to be printed.

Mr. Giddings presented a petition from a colored man named Peter, now confined in the jail of this city. Mr. G. stated that the petitioner was a free citizen of the United States, and was thrown into prison on the presumption that he was a fugitive slave. He has no counsel, and therefore has no means of relief from being sold for jailer's fees, unless Congress shall interfere. Laid on the table, and was laid over.

A resolution was adopted inquiring into the expediency of abolishing imprisonment for debt in the District of Columbia.

The House resumed the consideration of a resolution heretofore offered calling on the Secretary for information relative to the expense of the Home Squadron. Mr. J. R. Ingersoll declined to call on the Secretary at present, but he and Mr. Morris followed in an elaborate speech, in which they contended that the House is barely sufficient for the protection of our commerce.

In Senate, Friday, 29, after a short session, the Senate adjourned to Tuesday, January 2d, 1844.

In the House, the petition of the colored men was again taken up, and a long debate ensued, among other things involving the question of the District. The petition was referred to the Committee on the Judiciary.

On motion of Mr. Slidell, of Louisiana, who presented the credentials of that State to fill the seat of the late lamented Lewis F. Linn, and filled with interesting literary and political matter, and will please many, who neglects this work ought to be read out, and a desperate fault. Each part contains a map of the higher tone and deeper thought which it starts into political discussion.

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State Legislature.

The Legislature organized on Tuesday, Jan. 2d, by the election of Wm. Bigler, Speaker of the Senate, (unanimous) and James R. Sweney, Speaker of the House, by 56 votes.

Thad Stevens had 45.

In the Senate, on Wednesday, nominations were made for Auditor General.

In the House, elections for officers were held. Col. W. J. R. Andrews was re-elected Clerk, Andrew Knight, Sergeant-at-Arms, Benjamin Sensenbach, sergeant-at-arms, and Samuel Hazard, Reporter.

Mr. Tustin introduced three bills—one to supply Philadelphia county with jails—one to supply county of Philadelphia; one to abolish capital punishment, which it is proposed to call "Independence County."

☞ A check which was fraudulently certified by the cashier of the Bank of Boston, and sent to the Bank of Rockland, Boston, could not be collected from the Bank, because he "was not residing within the scope of the business of the Bank." Such, in effect, was the verdict of the jury.

☞ The Franklin Iron Works, at Venango, Pa., were put in blast on the 23d ultimo, and the "Monroe," an eighty pounder, was fired inside, and "shingled" under the trip hammer. We hope that the business may long continue to flourish, and profitable to all concerned.

Arbour Theft.—A passenger on board one of the Ohio boats had his pocket book, containing eight dollars, taken from his head the other day, as he lay asleep in his berth. The robber, after taking these $10's and two $20's replaced the book without waking the owner.

☞ We learn by the Boston Post, that measures are being taken to establish a Railroad between Plymouth and Boston. The money has been raised for the survey, the route is marked, and an engineer engaged to go on with the survey forthwith.

☞ Five men were nearly suffocated on Wednesday, in the Sailor's Snug Harbor Hospital on Staten Island, in consequence of the escape of gas from a stove pipe which passed through the room. They were speedily when discovered.

☞ The Hibernia left Boston on Monday for Liverpool, with 53 passengers, and a mail well spread of 25,000 letters, and an immense number of newspapers. Mr. Dexter Brigham, of the firm of Harndeu & Co., goes out as bearer of despatches.

☞ A steam factory is to be erected in Hartford, Conn., for the manufacture of cotton goods, &c. The capital is fixed at $100,000. The stock is all taken and offers for more have been made.

Beer.—The Cincinnati Commercial mentions that four casts were brought to that city the other day, weighing, collectively, 10,480 pounds. One of them weighed 3,800 pounds. The price given for the four was $402.

☞ A new election is to be held in the Fifth and Seventh Districts of Maine, on the 23d of January next, to fill vacancies. In the other five districts, Congressmen have already been chosen.

A Wine Fall.—The Buffalo Gazette states that a family in that city, heretofore in moderate circumstances, has lately become heir to an estate of £80,000 in England.

☞ The Legislature of Georgia adjourned on Saturday, the 23d of December, after a laborious session, during which they passed one hundred and twenty-four acts.

Fire.—There was quite a fire in the town of Bellefonte, Centre county, Pa., on the night of the 20th ult. Six stables and a store house were burned.

A Large Loss.—The New York True Sun states, that the Reading Rail Road Company has obtained a loan of one million of dollars on that city.

A New Idea.—A robber in Baltimore attempted recently to remove the corner stone of a building in order to get at the safe.

☞ It is said that a retailer in eggs, in one of the markets in Liverpool, turns over above £20,000 per annum in this article alone.

☞ The quantity of wine annually produced in the vineyards of France, is estimated at 924,000,000 gallons.

☞ A single log of mahogany was sold in New York a day or two ago, for $1022 17.

☞ The population of North Carolina on the 1st Oct., was 84,546,586.

Religious Intelligence.

☞ The Mississippi Methodist Conference convened at Woodville on the 29th of November, and numbered about 120 preachers, a local deacons. 54 local elders, and 100 travelling preachers.

☞ The new Methodist Church of Jersey City was dedicated on the 24th ult. last week—the Rev. Messrs Pittman, Livingston, and Maffit, officiated during the day and evening.

☞ The celebration of the Fifth Anniversary

REPORTED FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.

PLACES OF PUBLIC WORSHIP OPEN ON SUNDAY EVENING, JANUARY 1st.

Roman Catholic.—Saint John's Church, Thirteenth above Market street.

Protestant Episcopal.—St. James's Church, Seventh above Market street.—Saint Andrews' Church, Eighth above Spruce street. All Saints' Church, Eighth above Race street. Saint Matthew's Church, Francisville. Saint Peter's Church, Third above Pine street. Church of the Evangelists, Fifth above Catharine street. Advent Church, Kensington. Saint Paul's Church, Second street. Trinity Church, Catharine above Second street. Immanuel Church, Southwark. Saint Mary's Church, Callowhill above Penn. Church of the Nativity, Spring Garden above Franklin Road. Saint Mary's Church, Manchesterville.

Presbyterian.—First Church, Second above Sassafras. Sixth above Arch street. Central Church, Eighth and Cherry street. Fifth Church, Thirteenth above Spruce street. Northwest Sabbath School Room, Schuylkill Eighth and Willow streets.

Presbyterian—New School.—Third Church, Fourth and Pine street. Western Church, Filbert and Schuylkill Eighth street. Northern Liberties, Cooper street below Fourth street. Fifth Church, Arch above Tenth street. Southwark Church, Union above Second. First Church, Northern Liberties, Buttonwood street below Second. Second Church, Northern Liberties, German below Third street. Fourteenth Church, Hamilton above Ridge Road. Saint Mary's Church, Broad and George street.

Independent.—First Church, Broad and Cherry street. Tabernacle, Meeting House, Arch and Fourth street. Meeting House, Cherry and Fifth street.

Baptist.—First Church, Southwark, New street below Fourth.

German Reformed.—First Church, Race street below Fourth.

Dutch Reformed.—First Church, Crown street near Race.

Moravian.—Church at the United Brethren, Race and Broad street.

Reform.—All open but the First Church.

Methodist Episcopal.—All open on Sunday Evening.

Methodist Protestant.—All open on Sunday Evening.

Universalist.—All open on Sunday Evening.

Unitarian.—First Church, corner of Tenth and Locust street.

Swedenborgian.—New Jerusalem Chapel, Fourth street below Germant.

Friends.—Women's Church, Water street below Walnut. Butler, corner of Sturgeon and Second street. Men's Church, Arch above Fourth street. Meeting house, corner of Fifth and Cherry street. Congregation of Dr. Parrish, Fifth above Spruce street.

Christian.—Christian Chapel, Christian street below Sixth.

Mormon.—Hall at Third and Willow streets.

Bank Note List.

CORRECTED FOR THE U. STATES SATURDAY POST BY E. W. CLARK & CO., BROKERS, No. 56 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, January 2d, 1844.

PENNSYLVANIA.			
Philadelphia banks, par		Exchange bank, par	
Farmers' & Mech. bank, par		Merchants' bank, par	
Mercantile bank, par		Commercial bank, par	
Schuylkill bank, par		Delaware bank, par	
Penna's do. par		Bank Susquehanna, par	
Bank Pittsburg, par		Bank Gettysburg, par	
Farmers' & Mech. bank, par		Bank Chambersburg, par	
Chester Co. W Chester par		Bank Lancaster, par	
Farmers' & Mech. bank, par		Bank Harrisburg, par	
Farmers' & Drovers' bank, par		Bank Pittsburg, par	
Easton, par		Bank Wilkesbarre, par	
Northampton, par		Bank Erie, par	
Lancaster Co. bk. par		Bank Meadville, par	
Bank Penn. par		Bank Beaver, par	
Bk. Lancaster, par		Bank Montrose, par	
Bk. Columbia, par		Bank Wyoming, par	
Gettysburg, par		Bank Lewistown, par	
Middleton, par		All solvent banks, par	
Carlisle, par		MARYLAND.	
Columbia Bridge, 1 dis		Baltimore banks, par	
Susquehanna, par		Farmers' bank, par	
Mineral bk. Penn. par		Mineral bank, par	
Bank Penn. Pittsb. par		Hagerstown, par	
Penn. dormant notes, par		Allegany, par	
Do. par		Frederick and Mineral Co.	
Post notes, par		Hagerstown, par	
Do. par		Commercial, par	
Gettysburg, par		Cumberland, par	
Wyoming, par		Union, par	
Wayne Co. bk. par		Farmers' bank, par	
Wayne Co. bk. par		Franklin bank, par	
Brownsville, par		Exchange bank, par	
Brownsville p. notes, 11 dis		Mechanics' bank, par	
Bk. Penn. par		Bank Washington, par	
Erie, par		Bank Westminster, par	
Erie county bank, par		All solvent banks, par	
Bk. Chester, par		DELAWARE.	
Bk. Susquehanna co. 40 dis		Wilmington and Brandywine, par	
Bk. Montrose, par		Wilmington and Bank, par	
Lanc. bk. Warren, no sale		Farmers' bank, par	
Bk. Northumberland, par		Bank Smyrna, par	
Bank Centre, par		Bank Newcastle, par	
Bank Union, par		Bank Delaware, par	
Bank Wyoming, par		Under Wilmington, par	
Bank Northumberland, par		DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.	
NEW YORK.		Washington banks, par	
New York, 1 dis		Georgetown, par	
Bank Utica, par		Alexandria, par	
Bank Commerce, par		Bank Metropolis, par	
Bank Mechanics' bank, par		Bank Columbia, par	
Bank Manufacturers, par		Bank Alexandria, par	
Bank Ontario, par		Bank Potomac, par	
Bank Orleans, par		Bank Virginia, par	
Bank Genesee, par		Merchants' bank, par	
Bank Lockport, par		Bank Metropolis, par	
Bank Niagara, par		Bank Columbia, par	
Bank Buffalo, par		Bank Alexandria, par	
Bank Chautauque, par		Bank Potomac, par	
Bank Salina, par		Bank Virginia, par	
Bank Onondaga, par		Merchants' bank, par	
Bank Auburn, par		Bank Metropolis, par	
Bank Seneca, par		Bank Columbia, par	
Bank Canandaigua, par		Bank Alexandria, par	
Bank Ithaca, par		Bank Potomac, par	
Bank Owego, par		Bank Virginia, par	
Bank Binghamton, par		Merchants' bank, par	
Bank Chenango, par		Bank Metropolis, par	
Bank Otsego, par		Bank Columbia, par	
Bank Delaware, par		Bank Alexandria, par	
Bank Hudson, par		Bank Potomac, par	
Bank Troy, par		Bank Virginia, par	
Bank Troy, par		Merchants' bank, par	
Bank Troy, par		Bank Metropolis, par	
Bank Troy, par		Bank Columbia, par	
Bank Troy, par		Bank Alexandria, par	
Bank Troy

Sacred Poetry.

PULPIT ELOQUENCE.

The fat and fulsome man arose in his place
And fell to the business in hand at once;
He put on his specs and he looked at his notes,
Dropped down into a gap from the edge of the pulpit,
And then he began to pound and to spout
As if he were trying to break the whole back of a quarto
At a single fell blow through with the aid of a sledge hammer.

The scene was enchanting; it showed every
Thing that was needful to make it unspeakably fair.
While lashing a mosquito on either shoulder with one
With the other he fanned the flies off of the pulpit.
The well-dressing audience lay languidly around
In the various attitudes known to followers of gout.
And the man in his corner, happening to glance
Let out on his knee that was nearest the aisle.

A light-hearted child, I had wandered over
The fields and the pleasant grass-plots and sprinkled all day;
And now in a boat I was the sport of my mates
As I floated her well-watered channels about.
While lightening my heart as I sported along,
With the sound of low thunder and sweet rain falling,
I stood in the pasture-bay water after the rail
By the low-lying meadow that bordered it round.

As I roused the green windings, a murmur of praise
Up to the house of the worshipers came from them,
And cheers by the sides of its sweetness sang,
I stood immersed in the pool, and sent up a hymn
Yet louder my young voice still quickened with joy,
And the sound of my singing was echoed by wakened
The birds, woke and stirred at my gladness around
In our neighbor-like living that brightened the spot.

In eastern sunshine, upon them the damp
Of the dew-fall, the fragrance of morning, I stood
Like a child of the day, and the voice of my praise
Let up with the splendors of youth and of love.
For the bird-voices joined from their throats and from eyes,
Sweetly awakened by nature, and chastened by night,
Like the dew-fall of tears, and the sunshine of smiles
With its every unexpected, its unspent mood.

Such happiness as I never possessed
But his theme was relentless—salvation to all,
And the mouth of it dreadful to sinners in hell
Or the eastern-like sweetness that dropped from his tongue
Not almost as the sun was sweet upon me
Endowed by such promise, it made to the rest
Till it sounded like one, and I looked up and
And thought to each human a message from God.

He spoke of the Shechinah, whose glorious light
The unseen of His sufferings cast close on my way—
Of the cloud and the fire, and the pillar of rock
The grain of bright radiance that throned them to me—
Of the Ark of His covenant, and the mercy-seat
The darkness that mantled the Godhead—the cross
Of the blood-sprinkled altar—the Urim and Thummim
Of the breastplate—and then of "the Lamb of the Jews."

His words, and it seemed that his manner like form
Were the garments in which the thought clothed itself,
His tone to impressiveness nothing he left
Which could deepen attention and fasten it down.
His hands clasped above him—his chest arise supported—
His pulpit shook when he thumped it—his face
While that should where each expression profitable clung,
And his mouth expressed half shut on itself.

Oh God! what constitutes the speaker awake?
A mortal by nature, a sinner by birth,
A name—yet no less humanity cross;
Is earth yet so dazzled by sensuality's Heaven?
Have oft in my fancy I've pictured Him there
As he stood in the presence of power and prayer,
With his eyes closed in rapture—their transient eclipse
Of the world—the forgetfulness—blindness of man.

There's a church in delivery—a vengeful art
That thinks like a lout, feels the fly to the heart
To the glamour—the expression—the until chosen word,
The whole magic of the spirit of any thing!
The under-the-mute passion—the soul-startling power,
The sudden bewilderment—the mystery of man!
Oh earth was the theme of that eloquent one!

The time is long past—yet how clearly defined
Is the picture that memory holds of the scene!
I see bald sincere face across the broad pulpit
With the sweet little reverence that one by her side,
And the tones of the speaker—the thoughts—the emotion—
I keep up in their gentleness and sing her a song,
As I used to with the dear mother who sleeps at the end,
By the feet that went up to the worship of God.

The tone changed at what moment I know not—
The tone, the first pant, in the renewal to me
Of something came upon me—I looked—a change flowed
A vision fresh up—in the theme of my song—
The subject—the object—the Christ of the cross!
The light like a halo encircling his face,
As I could see the drops of sweat-pearl and love,
He whispered of James, and points us above

How sweet to my heart is the picture I've traced!
Its chain of bright fancies seemed almost effaced,
Till Memory, the sexton, came softly in the rear,
Took up the fond links, and collected the whole.
As the dust to the dust—the ashes to ashes—the soul
To the God who gave it—the body to sleep
Reveal the child of my heart how wonderfully clear,
And the echo it gives is the song I have sung.—*Knickerbocker Journal.* AMELIA.

Choice Articles.

A JOKE SERIOUSLY RETURNED.

From the "Family Letters of James Howell, Esq." the first popular writer of that kind in the language. He was the son of a clergyman in Carmarthenshire, was born about 1596, and was in employment under Charles I and II.

When the Duke of Alva was in Brussels, about the beginning of the troubles in the Netherlands, he had an eleven-before child in Flanders; and there was a servant-maid in the army who was a favourite of his; and this servant had put some to death by accusing him unto the duke. There was one Captain Boles in the army who was my intimate friend of the prevote's; and one evening late he went to the captain's tent, and brought with him a confessor and an executioner, as it was his custom. He told the captain he was come to execute his excellency's commission and martial law upon him. The captain started up half dismayed, his hair standing upright and being struck with astonishment asked him, "Wherein have I offended the Duke?" "Sir," answered the servant, "Sir, I am not to expostulate the business with you, but to execute my commission; therefore prepare yourself, for there are you speedily lather; and executioner, to be tied as his knees before the priest, and having done, and the hangman going to put the halter about his neck the provost threw it away, and break-ing into a laughter, said, "There was no such thing, and that he had done this to try his courage, how he would bear the terror of death." The captain, looking at him a while, said, "Them, sir, get out of my tent, for you have done me a very ill office." The next morning the said captain Boles, though a young man almost thirty, had his hair all turned gray to the admiration of all the world, and the Duke of Alva himself, who cannot tell how almost it, but he would confess nothing. The next year the duke was recalled, and in his journey to the court of Spain was at Saragossa in Patagonia. And the captain Boles and the provost went along with him to Genoa. The duke being to repose some days at Saragossa, the young old captain Boles told him, "That there was a thing in that town worthy to be seen by his excellency," which was a combe-a, a bedlam-house, such an one as there was not the like in Christendom." "Well," said the duke, "go and tell the warden I will be there to-morrow in the afternoon. The captain having obtained this, went to the warden, and told him the duke's intention, and that the duke would intend him to it was, that he had an unruly provost about him, who was subject oftentimes to fits of fancy; and because he wished him well he had tried divers means to cure him, but all would not do, therefore he would try whether keeping him close in bedlam for some days would do him any good. The next day the duke came with a retinue of captains after him, among whom was the mad provost very soberly attending him, being entered into the house, about the middle of the court, stayed upon a wooden pointing at the provost. "That is the man;" the warden took him aside into a close room, where he had placed some of his men, who muffled him in his cloak, stayed him in a wooden, and fettered him into a dungeon. The provost had lain there two nights and a day, and afterwards it happened that a gentleman coming out of curiosity to see the house, peeped into a small grate where the provost was, and the provost conjured him, as he was a Christian, to go and tell the Duke of Alva that he was not distempered, nor could he imagine why. The gentleman did his errand; and the duke being astonished sent for the warden with his prisoner. The warden brought the provost in merry, in fetters and bolts, madman-like, before the duke; who at the sight of him fell into laughter, and asked the warden why he had made him prisoner. "Sir," said the warden, "I was by orders of your excellency to do the same. Imagine me by Captain Boles," who stepped forth and said, "Sir, I did it to try how I could see off here that those hairs of mine came so suddenly gray; I have wondered at my self at my cool brushing; but now I'll tell your excellency," and so related the passage to Flanders, and added, "I have been ever since lamenting to have it now to get an equal revenge of him, for making me old before my time." The duke was so pleased with the story, and the witticism of the revenge, that he made them both friends and the gentlemen who told me the passage, had this out of Captain Boles, a near alive, and could not for sore dam naively pass of age.

CHILDHOOD.

What can be a truer picture of man at cessation. Does the pendant of a cloud in its own house? How naively, yet how sweetly, does the domestic relation stand out in the passage of his text, her going out and coming in, upon leaving his dolmen, his mortis, ordering secretly the very current of his thoughts, whether it sparkle with gladness or darken with trouble. Yet how rarely has he any painful sense of the constraining force which it every moment on him. Hemmed in on every side by a more vigilant than the most jealous despotism, yet look at his open brow and say whether constraint was more free—and why? Not certainly because childhood stands not desirous of self-will—that would reduce them into tran-scension—but because where reverence and love make nobody in the heart, the temper is changed and simply. Light, therefore, as the weight of the circumambient atmosphere upon the body is the pressure of home duty upon the child; easy by the energy and consciousness with which it comes to him—inseparable from the vital elements of his being. Her life is an exchange of kindness given and received, of confidence and is sheltered. Poised in the centre of this circle of affections, he is surrounded from the anxiety of self-care, and yet he is led by the hand of love to the path of duty—to choose a path by the fan and leave of his own wisdom; but it is led gently on the smooth ground of love and confidence, and not by the rough catchight of a mother's love. In a companion and home by the hand of love, by the hand that leads him, in doubt, how to act, he can appreciate the eye that speaks to him; no loss and loneliness with what cross he has done to haunt his footsteps, for the reclaiming nothing; his momentary bewilderment, perhaps, by a mere word, and if he use his self-possession, after an interval to his accustomed way, confidence that in the order of dependence he is sustained.

Mr. *Mary Anne Walker* examined:—Is the daughter of a private gentleman. Has several times had occasion to attend Mr. Wright professionally, as soon as he can get into practice. Has no idea that the people he knew committed any offence; supposes it rumen carnally. Can sing and play; knew and enjoyed the dance; has been present at Mr. Wright's meeting. The price of brown Windsor soap is from one shilling to one and sixpence the packet; cannot tell what yellow comes is; never bought it; occasionally comes at Mr. Wright's; does not know the price of pencil-cases; has seen them; never went to Grafton's shop to get to the upholsterer's and buy furniture. Cannot say how much she would expect to give for an easy chair; could not say whether it be a set of tea-things; should ask mamma, if necessary; never bought a shilling or before Papa paid for the dress she has on; forgets what he gave for it. Has no notion that the butcher's bill amounts to in the year.

Miss Harriet Sparrow examined:—Is a Clergyman. Is unable to say whether he is a plumber or not. He is a curate, and has a very small income. Expects to be married, of course. Would not relieve a young man with three hundred a year in his own parish, because he ought she knows, in needle work; lately worked a brigand in red, green, and yellow worsted. Can make flannel waistcoats. Has made several for the complainant. Cannot tell how she would set about making a set of dumplings. Loaves should remain in the oven till they are done; the time cannot say; it would depend upon circumstances. If she were married, would expect her husband to allow her a servant; would require him to be ordered calves' foot jelly, should send for it to the pastry cook's. It never occurred to her that her might make it herself. If she tried, should fancy some calves' feet; what sort she should do cannot say. Has received a fashionable education; knows French and Italian; fond of dancing better than any thing else.

Miss Jane Briggs—Is the daughter of a respectable tradesman—a grocer and tea dealer. Looks forward to a union with somebody in her own station in life. Would like to be proud of a boarding-school in Clapham. Really cannot say what a large one is; it may be the same in a day book. Has an album. Has painted flowers in the album, and gentlemen's faces occasionally and a fill. Knows what a receipt is; it tells you how to make things. Should expect to have a receipt in full was a receipt that told you all particulars. Never heard of a balance-sheet. Has seen a pair of scales. Has seen them at her father's. Cannot say whether papa buys or sells at prime cost. Her sister has a fashionable cook. Does not know how to make pastry for a duck or a goose.

Miss Elizabeth Atkins—Resides at Hempstead, with her parents. Papa is a solicitor; has offices in Gray's. Will have a little money of her own when she comes of age; does not feel sure whether she is a minor or not. The property was left by her aunt. Cannot say whether she is a legatee or testatrix. Her property is real property. Is sure of that. It is in the funds. Should say that it was not personal property, as it was not anything short her own, but knew what consols were; has read about them in history; they were ancient Romans. Mamma keeps house. Has never known her expense to do the same. Is unable to say what the family milk-score is a week. Starch is used to stiffen collars before their white to Flanders; and there was a servant-maid in the army who was a favourite of his; and this servant had put some to death by accusing him unto the duke. There was one Captain Boles in the army who was my intimate friend of the provost's; and one evening late he went to the captain's tent, and brought with him a confessor and an executioner, as it was his custom. He told the captain he was come to execute his excellency's commission and martial law upon him. The captain started up half dismayed, his hair standing upright and being struck with astonishment asked him, "Wherein have I offended the Duke?" "Sir," answered the servant, "Sir, I am not to expostulate the business with you, but to execute my commission; therefore prepare yourself, for there are you speedily lather; and executioner, to be tied as his knees before the priest, and having done, and the hangman going to put the halter about his neck the provost threw it away, and break-ing into a laughter, said, "There was no such thing, and that he had done this to try his courage, how he would bear the terror of death." The captain, looking at him a while, said, "Them, sir, get out of my tent, for you have done me a very ill office." The next morning the said captain Boles, though a young man almost thirty, had his hair all turned gray to the admiration of all the world, and the Duke of Alva himself, who cannot tell how almost it, but he would confess nothing. The next year the duke was recalled, and in his journey to the court of Spain was at Saragossa in Patagonia. And the captain Boles and the provost went along with him to Genoa. The duke being to repose some days at Saragossa, the young old captain Boles told him, "That there was a thing in that town worthy to be seen by his excellency," which was a combe-a, a bedlam-house, such an one as there was not the like in Christendom." "Well," said the duke, "go and tell the warden I will be there to-morrow in the afternoon. The captain having obtained this, went to the warden, and told him the duke's intention, and that the duke would intend him to it was, that he had an unruly provost about him, who was subject oftentimes to fits of fancy; and because he wished him well he had tried divers means to cure him, but all would not do, therefore he would try whether keeping him close in bedlam for some days would do him any good. The next day the duke came with a retinue of captains after him, among whom was the mad provost very soberly attending him, being entered into the house, about the middle of the court, stayed upon a wooden pointing at the provost. "That is the man;" the warden took him aside into a close room, where he had placed some of his men, who muffled him in his cloak, stayed him in a wooden, and fettered him into a dungeon. The provost had lain there two nights and a day, and afterwards it happened that a gentleman coming out of curiosity to see the house, peeped into a small grate where the provost was, and the provost conjured him, as he was a Christian, to go and tell the Duke of Alva that he was not distempered, nor could he imagine why. The gentleman did his errand; and the duke being astonished sent for the warden with his prisoner. The warden brought the provost in merry, in fetters and bolts, madman-like, before the duke; who at the sight of him fell into laughter, and asked the warden why he had made him prisoner. "Sir," said the warden, "I was by orders of your excellency to do the same. Imagine me by Captain Boles," who stepped forth and said, "Sir, I did it to try how I could see off here that those hairs of mine came so suddenly gray; I have wondered at my self at my cool brushing; but now I'll tell your excellency," and so related the passage to Flanders, and added, "I have been ever since lamenting to have it now to get an equal revenge of him, for making me old before my time." The duke was so pleased with the story, and the witticism of the revenge, that he made them both friends and the gentlemen who told me the passage, had this out of Captain Boles a near alive, and could not for sore dam naively pass of age.

MORE SHOCKING IGNORANCE.

A short time ago French had occasion to hurry his workers by publishing the Report of his brother Commissioner Hill, in which proved out the amount of *domestic* misery prevailing among young men generally. He Commissioner Hill was sent up to hear their several Report, which relates to the knowledge of young ladies; and he has determined at the risk of ridicule to lay before the public some of the amusing and painful choice in the mass he sent to print it.

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Miss Harriet Sparrow examined:—Is a Clergyman. Is unable to say whether he is a plumber or not. He is a curate, and has a very small income. Expects to be married, of course. Would not relieve a young man with three hundred a year in his own parish, because he ought she knows, in needle work; lately worked a brigand in red, green, and yellow worsted. Can make flannel waistcoats. Has made several for the complainant. Cannot tell how she would set about making a set of dumplings. Loaves should remain in the oven till they are done; the time cannot say; it would depend upon circumstances. If she were married, would expect her husband to allow her a servant; would require him to be ordered calves' foot jelly, should send for it to the pastry cook's. It never occurred to her that her might make it herself. If she tried, should fancy some calves' feet; what sort she should do cannot say. Has received a fashionable education; knows French and Italian; fond of dancing better than any thing else.

Miss Jane Briggs—Is the daughter of a respectable tradesman—a grocer and tea dealer. Looks forward to a union with somebody in her own station in life. Would like to be proud of a boarding-school in Clapham. Really cannot say what a large one is; it may be the same in a day book. Has an album. Has painted flowers in the album, and gentlemen's faces occasionally and a fill. Knows what a receipt is; it tells you how to make things. Should expect to have a receipt in full was a receipt that told you all particulars. Never heard of a balance-sheet. Has seen a pair of scales. Has seen them at her father's. Cannot say whether papa buys or sells at prime cost. Her sister has a fashionable cook. Does not know how to make pastry for a duck or a goose.

Miss Elizabeth Atkins—Resides at Hempstead, with her parents. Papa is a solicitor; has offices in Gray's. Will have a little money of her own when she comes of age; does not feel sure whether she is a minor or not. The property was left by her aunt. Cannot say whether she is a legatee or testatrix. Her property is real property. Is sure of that. It is in the funds. Should say that it was not personal property, as it was not anything short her own, but knew what consols were; has read about them in history; they were ancient Romans. Mamma keeps house. Has never known her expense to do the same. Is unable to say what the family milk-score is a week. Starch is used to stiffen collars before their white to Flanders; and there was a servant-maid in the army who was a favourite of his; and this servant had put some to death by accusing him unto the duke. There was one Captain Boles in the army who was my intimate friend of the provost's; and one evening late he went to the captain's tent, and brought with him a confessor and an executioner, as it was his custom. He told the captain he was come to execute his excellency's commission and martial law upon him. The captain started up half dismayed, his hair standing upright and being struck with astonishment asked him, "Wherein have I offended the Duke?" "Sir," answered the servant, "Sir, I am not to expostulate the business with you, but to execute my commission; therefore prepare yourself, for there are you speedily lather; and executioner, to be tied as his knees before the priest, and having done, and the hangman going to put the halter about his neck the provost threw it away, and break-ing into a laughter, said, "There was no such thing, and that he had done this to try his courage, how he would bear the terror of death." The captain, looking at him a while, said, "Them, sir, get out of my tent, for you have done me a very ill office." The next morning the said captain Boles, though a young man almost thirty, had his hair all turned gray to the admiration of all the world, and the Duke of Alva himself, who cannot tell how almost it, but he would confess nothing. The next year the duke was recalled, and in his journey to the court of Spain was at Saragossa in Patagonia. And the captain Boles and the provost went along with him to Genoa. The duke being to repose some days at Saragossa, the young old captain Boles told him, "That there was a thing in that town worthy to be seen by his excellency," which was a combe-a, a bedlam-house, such an one as there was not the like in Christendom." "Well," said the duke, "go and tell the warden I will be there to-morrow in the afternoon. The captain having obtained this, went to the warden, and told him the duke's intention, and that the duke would intend him to it was, that he had an unruly provost about him, who was subject oftentimes to fits of fancy; and because he wished him well he had tried divers means to cure him, but all would not do, therefore he would try whether keeping him close in bedlam for some days would do him any good. The next day the duke came with a retinue of captains after him, among whom was the mad provost very soberly attending him, being entered into the house, about the middle of the court, stayed upon a wooden pointing at the provost. "That is the man;" the warden took him aside into a close room, where he had placed some of his men, who muffled him in his cloak, stayed him in a wooden, and fettered him into a dungeon. The provost had lain there two nights and a day, and afterwards it happened that a gentleman coming out of curiosity to see the house, peeped into a small grate where the provost was, and the provost conjured him, as he was a Christian, to go and tell the Duke of Alva that he was not distempered, nor could he imagine why. The gentleman did his errand; and the duke being astonished sent for the warden with his prisoner. The warden brought the provost in merry, in fetters and bolts, madman-like, before the duke; who at the sight of him fell into laughter, and asked the warden why he had made him prisoner. "Sir," said the warden, "I was by orders of your excellency to do the same. Imagine me by Captain Boles," who stepped forth and said, "Sir, I did it to try how I could see off here that those hairs of mine came so suddenly gray; I have wondered at my self at my cool brushing; but now I'll tell your excellency," and so related the passage to Flanders, and added, "I have been ever since lamenting to have it now to get an equal revenge of him, for making me old before my time." The duke was so pleased with the story, and the witticism of the revenge, that he made them both friends and the gentlemen who told me the passage, had this out of Captain Boles a near alive, and could not for sore dam naively pass of age.

CHILDHOOD.

What can be a truer picture of man at cessation. Does the pendant of a cloud in its own house? How naively, yet how sweetly, does the domestic relation stand out in the passage of his text, her going out and coming in, upon leaving his dolmen, his mortis, ordering secretly the very current of his thoughts, whether it sparkle with gladness or darken with trouble. Yet how rarely has he any painful sense of the constraining force which it every moment on him. Hemmed in on every side by a more vigilant than the most jealous despotism, yet look at his open brow and say whether constraint was more free—and why? Not certainly because childhood stands not desirous of self-will—that would reduce them into tran-scension—but because where reverence and love make nobody in the heart, the temper is changed and simply. Light, therefore, as the weight of the circumambient atmosphere upon the body is the pressure of home duty upon the

THE TWO CLASSMATES.

I saw two gray-haired men together one summer afternoon walking. They had met in the extreme of their lives, which was also passed in childhood. Poised in the centre of this circle of affections, he is surrounded from the anxiety of self-care, and yet he is led by the hand of love to the path of duty—to choose a path by the fan and leave of his own wisdom; but it is led gently on the smooth ground of love and confidence, and not by the rough catchight of a mother's love. In a companion and home by the hand of love, by the hand that leads him, in doubt, how to act, he can appreciate the eye that speaks to him; no loss and loneliness with what cross he has done to haunt his footsteps, for the reclaiming nothing; his momentary bewilderment, perhaps, by a mere word, and if he use his self-possession, after an interval to his accustomed way, confidence that in the order of dependence he is sustained.

Mr. *Mary Anne Walker* examined:—Is the daughter of a private gentleman. Has several times had occasion to attend Mr. Wright professionally, as soon as he can get into practice. Has no idea that the people he knew committed any offence; supposes it rumen carnally. Can sing and play; knew and enjoyed the dance; has been present at Mr. Wright's meeting. The price of brown Windsor soap is from one shilling to one and sixpence the packet; cannot tell what yellow comes is; never bought it; occasionally comes at Mr. Wright's; does not know the price of pencil-cases; has seen them; never went to Grafton's shop to get to the upholsterer's and buy furniture. Cannot say how much she would expect to give for an easy chair; could not say whether it be a set of tea-things; should ask mamma, if necessary; never bought a shilling or before Papa paid for the dress she has on; forgets what he gave for it. Has no notion that the butcher's bill amounts to in the year.

Miss Harriet Sparrow examined:—Is a Clergyman. Is unable to say whether he is a plumber or not. He is a curate, and has a very small income. Expects to be married, of course. Would not relieve a young man with three hundred a year in his own parish, because he ought she knows, in needle work; lately worked a brigand in red, green, and yellow worsted. Can make flannel waistcoats. Has made several for the complainant. Cannot tell how she would set about making a set of dumplings. Loaves should remain in the oven till they are done; the time cannot say; it would depend upon circumstances. If she were married, would expect her husband to allow her a servant; would require him to be ordered calves' foot jelly, should send for it to the pastry cook's. It never occurred to her that her might make it herself. If she tried, should fancy some calves' feet; what sort she should do cannot say. Has received a fashionable education; knows French and Italian; fond of dancing better than any thing else.

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Miss Elizabeth Atkins—Resides at Hempstead, with her parents. Papa is a solicitor; has offices in Gray's. Will have a little money of her own when she comes of age; does not feel sure whether she is a minor or not. The property was left by her aunt. Cannot say whether she is a legatee or testatrix. Her property is real property. Is sure of that. It is in the funds. Should say that it was not personal property, as it was not anything short her own, but knew what consols were; has read about them in history; they were ancient Romans. Mamma keeps house. Has never known her expense to do the same. Is unable to say what the family milk-score is a week. Starch is used to stiffen collars before their white to Flanders; and there was a servant-maid in the army who was a favourite of his; and this servant had put some to death by accusing him unto the duke. There was one Captain Boles in the army who was my intimate friend of the provost's; and one evening late he went to the captain's tent, and brought with him a confessor and an executioner, as it was his custom. He told the captain he was come to execute his excellency's commission and martial law upon him. The captain started up half dismayed, his hair standing upright and being struck with astonishment asked him, "Wherein have I offended the Duke?" "Sir," answered the servant, "Sir, I am not to expostulate the business with you, but to execute my commission; therefore prepare yourself, for there are you speedily lather; and executioner, to be tied as his knees before the priest, and having done, and the hangman going to put the halter about his neck the provost threw it away, and break-ing into a laughter, said, "There was no such thing, and that he had done this to try his courage, how he would bear the terror of death." The captain, looking at him a while, said, "Them, sir, get out of my tent, for you have done me a very ill office." The next morning the said captain Boles, though a young man almost thirty, had his hair all turned gray to the admiration of all the world, and the Duke of Alva himself, who cannot tell how almost it, but he would confess nothing. The next year the duke was recalled, and in his journey to the court of Spain was at Saragossa in Patagonia. And the captain Boles and the provost went along with him to Genoa. The duke being to repose some days at Saragossa, the young old captain Boles told him, "That there was a thing in that town worthy to be seen by his excellency," which was a combe-a, a bedlam-house, such an one as there was not the like in Christendom." "Well," said the duke, "go and tell the warden I will be there to-morrow in the afternoon. The captain having obtained this, went to the warden, and told him the duke's intention, and that the duke would intend him to it was, that he had an unruly provost about him, who was subject oftentimes to fits of fancy; and because he wished him well he had tried divers means to cure him, but all would not do, therefore he would try whether keeping him close in bedlam for some days would do him any good. The next day the duke came with a retinue of captains after him, among whom was the mad provost very soberly attending him, being entered into the house, about the middle of the court, stayed upon a wooden pointing at the provost. "That is the man;" the warden took him aside into a close room, where he had placed some of his men, who muffled him in his cloak, stayed him in a wooden, and fettered him into a dungeon. The provost had lain there two nights and a day, and afterwards it happened that a gentleman coming out of curiosity to see the house, peeped into a small grate where the provost was, and the provost conjured him, as he was a Christian, to go and tell the Duke of Alva that he was not distempered, nor could he imagine why. The gentleman did his errand; and the duke being astonished sent for the warden with his prisoner. The warden brought the provost in merry, in fetters and bolts, madman-like, before the duke; who at the sight of him fell into laughter, and asked the warden why he had made him prisoner. "Sir," said the warden, "I was by orders of your excellency to do the same. Imagine me by Captain Boles," who stepped forth and said, "Sir, I did it to try how I could see off here that those hairs of mine came so suddenly gray; I have wondered at my self at my cool brushing; but now I'll tell your excellency," and so related the passage to Flanders, and added, "I have been ever since lamenting to have it now to get an equal revenge of him, for making me old before my time." The duke was so pleased with the story, and the witticism of the revenge, that he made them both friends and the gentlemen who told me the passage, had this out of Captain Boles a near alive, and could not for sore dam naively pass of age.

The Humorist.

☞ A nobleman from the interior of Arkansas, who had never been on board a steamboat, had occasion to go to St. Louis a few days since. "From the bank of the river he hailed the "Harry of the West" with—"Captain, what's the fare to St. Louis?" "That part of the boat do you wish to go on?" asked the captain. "Why," said the other, "I'll go in the cabin," said the booster; "*I live in a cabin, a cabin can best pay;* I'll go in the cabin."

☞ Instead of saying to a young lady, "please to take my arm," you should say, in polite style, "will you condescend so far as to favour your own convenience to my pleasure, as to insert the fair digits and taper fingers of your contiguous arm through the angular aperture formed by the crooking of my elbow against the perpendicular portion of my animal frame?"

☞ Dr. Lamb was once asked by a student what per cent. he thought had been added to the period of human life by the skill of modern medical science. "Why," said he, "if by practitioners of medicine, you mean to include old women and nurses, I think the increase has been very considerable, but if you exclude all, very little."

☞ There is a good deal of saucy wit in Lord Byron's anecdote of the fair astronomers. A gay young spark asked them how long they could be sufficiently interested in astronomy to watch every body and every thing? They replied, that they had a great curiosity to see whether there was really a man in the moon.

☞ Some of the judicial districts in Ohio are so large, that a lawyer has to travel on foot a hoarding-school in Clapham. Really cannot say what a large one is; it may be the same in a day book. Has an album. Has painted flowers in the album, and gentlemen's faces occasionally and a fill. Knows what a receipt is; it tells you how to make things. Should expect to have a receipt in full was a receipt that told you all particulars. Never heard of a balance-sheet. Has seen a pair of scales. Has seen them at her father's. Cannot say whether papa buys or sells at prime cost. Her sister has a fashionable cook. Does not know how to make pastry for a duck or a goose.

☞ Louis XIV. who loved a concise style, one day met a priest on the road, whom he asked hastily—"Whose home are you?" Where are you going? What do you want?" The other as hastily replied—"From Bruges. To Paris. A benifice." "You shall have it," said the king.

☞ The editor of "The Oasis," asks the following question: Did you ever know a young man to build a sleigh for his own private use, without getting it strangely tangled? We never did, and we are willing to own one, and be turned out to be "an old Bachelor."

☞ In a party of ladies, the conversation turned upon the fact, that females have many admirers, but few lovers. "Ah!" said a venerable old lady, who sat by, lamenting the decline of the times—"courting is nothing to what it was when I was young."

☞ A St. Louis paper tells a story of a discovered by Columbus, in consequence of the loss of his wife lowered into the grave, exclaimed "well both her water or cold. Prugger; it was better than a Turkey Carpet: but how much easier they are to get rid of than a troublesome lady-work, reading novels, and playing quadrilles and waltzes on the piano.

☞ One of our fair young ladies examined, three only knew how to turn beef, six what a sausage was composed of, all but two had seen some sauce. Not one of the whole number knew how the vegetables could be had the next new sour was: but none of them knew the current price of beef! Every soul of them meant to marry as soon as possible. "What is the meaning of that?" Echo answers—"What is it?" and *Punch* shudders at the idea.—*London Punch.*

ONE DROP TOO MUCH OF THE MILK OF HUMAN KINDNESS.

An old gentleman with an old wife, and no children, living on Long-street not far from this city, was aroused from his bed one night about four weeks ago, by a loud knocking at the street door. The ancient pair had always manifested considerable fear of robbers, but had been blessed with any of their own, were on the best of terms with each other, and had therefore, in more fortunate neighbors, and wherever a disturbance was heard in the night, they always hastened to the old couple, because the couple loved their children, and therefore, had not many a Christmas penny that would otherwise have been seriously lessen in the hands of ginger bread heroes. And for many squares around the old gentleman and his wife were a great favorite, and invariably received the first call on all occasions of distress.

"Get up, my dear, and see what's the matter," said the old gentleman to his wife, as he was aroused, and her voice was insensible, which caused the latter to awake, and she, supposing that the gentleman was dead, would never desert the sickroom. The night was cold, and the old lady, in her haste to get up, was chilled